SAW XI
A "What If" Fan Finale

By Vinc360

Thank you so much for your interest in my humble little story. The Saw community has been my online home for decades, and I hope you'll find a bit of joy in reading this small gift back to the community. This is in no way meant to be a replacement for the real SAW XI that we never got, but I hope in some small way, it can help fill the void of its absence.

I want to thank every person who's provided feedback and encouragement to me over the past two years (you know who you are), and a special thank you to the amazing SAW SOUNDTRACKS, who is currently working on scoring this story. Please enjoy the teaser tracks provided in this script. Once the full version of the soundtrack is ready, it will be shared on r/Saw.

This document is a teaser of the full script being released on r/Saw, and includes the first 19 pages of the story. It was posted on r/Saw on October 17, 2025 at 9 PM ET.

On October 24th at 9 PM ET, the full document will be posted on r/Saw.

On October 31st, at 9 PM ET, a small special surprise will follow, still on r/Saw.

First complete draft - July 1st, 2025
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VINC360 RYAN

Lightning flashes punctuate the echoes of heavy rain and thunder.

FADE TO:

INT. CHEMICAL FACILITY - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

We begin on a close-up of the ceiling, water droplets from the storm outside are seeping through the gypsum and dripping down.

We pan down below, CECILIA is asleep on the floor, where we left her at the end of *SAW X.* She is hunched over and contorted, awkwardly leaning against the observation console.

We move in towards her.

She's looking worse for wear. We get a slow close-up pan across the severe burns and scabs covering her arms and neck, and settle on her face; The water droplets from above are hitting her forehead.

A fly crawls over her lips -- their severe dryness hints at her state of advanced dehydration. She's been there a few days.

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

The water finally jolts her awake.

No hesitation, she turns over and tries to catch the few drips she can with her mouth.

Her eyes catch the network of black pipes overhead. Sprinklers! She traces them with her gaze to where they vanish into the wall on her right.

Despite the agony of her fresh burns, thirst propels her to her feet. She stumbles to the wall, lined with lockers and shelves, gasping for breath.

She takes a moment to recover from the effort, then looks through the shelves, looking for anything useful.

There's a TAPE RECORDER on one of them, but it's clicked open -- there's no tape inside.

The rest of the shelves have nothing useful. No lighter or anything that could visibly activate the sprinklers, just a lot of paper and trinkets. Her frustration grows.

Her eyes dart back to the pipes above, seeing them go into the wall right in front of her. She starts kicking it with all her strength, grunting in exasperation -- but her crackling voice can only muster a tiny screech. Her kicks get stronger, but she can't make a dent.

CECILIA
(with each kick)
Fuck! Fuck!! FUUUCK!!!

Empowered by her rage, Cecilia grabs and topples over the rest of the shelves, causing them to start falling over like dominoes. And behind them...

Score.

A giant, red question mark is crudely painted on the wall. And next to it -- **a FIRE ALARM TRIGGER.**

Cecilia leaps to it, but as she places her fingers behind the pull switch, something stops her in her tracks.

She slowly pulls her fingers back, dragging what she felt behind the trigger with them -- a **tape**. We get a close-up of it and read: "**PLAY ME.**"

She throws the tape into the player from the shelf. JIGSAW's voice blasts into the room:

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello Cecilia... I want to play a game.
(beat)
Far be it from me to insult your intelligence, you are a doctor after all, but I presume that by the time you finally find this tape, you'll already be parched to the point of desperation.
(beat)
The human body can withstand a lot of damage, as you no doubt currently realize, but can only last surprisingly little time without water. Thankfully I offer a solution, but it comes at a price.
(MORE)

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(beat)
Pulling this trigger will fulfill your immediate needs and even offer you a way out of this room, but you'll have to live with the flood of consequences from your actions. The alarm you'll trigger will ensure you're found by local authorities, but I've placed evidence of your crimes and deceit on their path to your location. Will you choose to live an honest life or will you take your secrets to your grave?
(beat)
Live or die, Cecilia. Make your choice.

Cecilia once again places her fingers on the trigger, but hesitates. The weight of the choice sinking in.

She soon gathers herself, and decisively pulls it.

Water immediately FLOODS the room as the sprinklers turn on and an alarm blares, tinting the room red.

Cecilia drops to the ground, a sense of defeat and relief overwhelming her in equal ways. She SCREAMS at the top of her lungs, mouth agape as the waterfall from above soaks her.

FADE TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - DIORAMA ROOM - NIGHT

We pick up in a dark room. NEON LIGHTS flicker overhead. Only one stabilizes, casting a harsh glow, and revealing BROKEN GLASS littering the floor.

The room is a mixture of modern and decrepit — walls painted entirely white, except for one covered in shiny black ceramic.

The CEILING is cluttered with STRINGS of various lengths attached to rectangular slates of MIRROR CUTOUTS. Their flipsides reveal incongruous, disconnected lines, like scattered puzzle pieces.

A GIANT DARKENED WINDOW looms on one side, a BLACK BOX embedded in it. The box connects to a tall BLACK PILLAR stretching up to the ceiling. Nearby, a GAS TANK labelled "FLAMMABLE" rests ominously, its shadow cast beneath the neon glow.

A TIPPED OVER STOOL lies nearby—too prominent to be accidental.

On either side of the room: GIANT PULLEY WHEELS. Four thick CHAINS run through them, each connected to the arms and legs of a WOMAN, dark hair, early 40s, looking dishevelled and skinny. She's barefoot, and slouching against the ceramic wall, asleep.

On the opposite side of the room: THE DOLL. Its position mirrors the woman's.

The woman stirs… and wakes up -- cutting her hand on a piece of broken glass in the process.

WOMAN
(wincing)
Wha— What the fuck is this? Where am I?!

She takes in her surroundings, as she rubs her neck with her bloody hand to soothe herself. Her breathing quickens. Then—

She notices a security camera aimed squarely at her, then sees the DOLL.

Tears flood her eyes, and her panic escalates into hysteria.

She looks back at the camera.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
(panicking)
No, no, no, no, God no. I know what this is. You're the guy. I promise, I wanna live!
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Her gaze falls on one of the STRINGS. Unlike the others, this one connects to a TAPE RECORDER.

She notices the nearby stool.

Trembling, she carefully begins stepping towards it, unable to avoid repeatedly lacerating her feet in the process.

She eventually reaches it and drags it over to herself, climbing on unsteady feet to its tiny top surface in order to reach the recorder.

She pulls it off the string, and steps down to a sitting position, staring at it in her hands.

Her every instinct screams against it… but there's no other option. She presses PLAY.

As soon as she does, the DOLL's restraints begin being pulled on the other side of the room, until it begins to hang above ground from the tension.

JIGSAW'S VOICE crackles on from the recorder.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello, Judith. I want to play a game.
(beat)
For years you've turned your place of business into fertile grounds for consequence-free harmful acts, taking bribes to turn a blind eye to the horrors surrounding you, telling yourself you had to find an angle to make ends meet as you felt… overstretched.
(beat)
What started off as mere moral flexibility quickly escalated to something much greater, and darker. Your entitlement and greed causing you to believe you deserved more; that it was worth risking all the blessings you already had.
Today we'll find out what your real limits are.
(beat)
I apologize for the questionable decor of the room you find yourself in, but I can assure you it has everything you need to get out of your… predicament.
The mirrors surrounding you are but a tool to your salvation, allowing you to look inward as you find the angle you need to save yourself.
Find the symbol of your shame hidden within this room. Yell out what it is, and you will be freed from the chains that bind you.
(beat)
But be warned: take too long and we'll find out just how much you can really be stretched —
(Jigsaw pauses, letting out a brief laugh. He coughs, choking on his own laughter, clearly entertained by his excellent pun.)
Live or die, Judith.
(MORE)

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Make your choice.

The recorder clicks off. At the same time, the DOLL, now hanging well above Judith, loudly emits its iconic CACKLE as its appendages spread out like a starfish.

The doll soon EXPLODES in every direction from the ever-tightening chains. Its torso and head crash to the ground next to her, as it keeps on laughing.

Judith is about to experience a QUARTERING.

JUDITH
(in wide-eyed disbelief)
Holy fuck.

The pulleys in the room immediately activate, slowly pulling the chains connected to all of her limbs. Their ominous and loud metallic tick emphasizing impending doom.

Judith snaps out of her stupor and looks up. The mirrors and drawings above create a dizzying effect, but there's no discernible pattern.

If she has any hope solving this, she'll need a higher line of sight. Her eyes snap to the tipped over stool she just stepped off of. She grabs it and climbs on, needing to tiptoe on it to fit her feet. Her legs are shaking heavily from the nerves, and because of the tiny surface area it offers.

We begin to see from Judith's POV.

The extensive amount of incongruous lines causes them to blur together, abstract patterns begin to emerge.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
An... eye? I see an eye! Maybe a fish? A FUCKING... FISH? I don't know what I'm looking at!!

No response.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
This is impossible.

She tiptoes on the unsteady stool to turn to the other side, but her restraints prevent her from turning without tangling up the chains, and her trembling intensifies.

She loses her footing, and falls off the stool -- CRASHING into the broken glass below. Judith YELPS in pain.

She screams and cries in agony, but as the gears keep on clicking and the chains pull at her arms, she collects herself and slowly stands up.

She inspects the damage to her body, and pulls a large piece of glass from her shoulder.

She notice another one on her ankle. She moves to pull it out, but the chains stop her in her tracks. They're getting too tight for her to move.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(crying)
Please. Please. Please! I fucked up. I know I did. But I was BROKE, and just trying to build a better life. You don't have to do this. Don't do this to me.

No luck. The chains continue to tighten.

Judith resigns herself to getting back on the stool. She wipes the tears blurring her vision, as we pan across the mirrors and abstract lines. Judith starts blurting out any and all possibilities.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
A circle! A shape! Someone's... head?

Nothing works.

Judith squints, she notices text cut-outs on the back of the mirror in front of her:

YOU'RE

OVERTHINKING

IT

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(defeated)
I don't understand.

The pulleys suddenly stop clicking... offering Judith a hopeful reprieve...

…But then click **louder**, and **faster**. The chains tighten rapidly and **wipe her off her feet.**

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(panicked, crying)
NO! NO! PLEASE! I'll do anything!
(MORE)

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I'll give all the money to charity.
I'll do anything you want!

She's now LEVITATING, the tightness of her chains restraining any movement and lifting her above ground. Her ascent is swift.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I'll never do this again. I just wanted a better life. I had nothing! Anyone in my position would've done the same. You don't know me! You don't know what I've been through! I didn't DO anything. I just let him --

SNAP! Her arm suddenly **DISLOCATES**. We hear the gnarly sound of bones **CRACKING**, as all her other limbs follow suit. The loosened bones hang in Judith's flesh, almost giving them the appearance of **overfilled sausage casings.**

Judith lets out a long, ear-splitting and agonizing SCREAM.

The pulleys continue to tighten the chains.

Her flesh begins to rip at the seams, muscle and tissue dripping down to color the broken glass shards -- and the doll's disembodied head -- below.

We get an overhead view of Judith. Her screams fade as the life drains out of her. Her right arm now only hanging by a thinning mix of bone and tissue. Blood is pouring out of her mouth.

As her life leaves her, she looks toward the security camera, and the realization hits her.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(weak whisper)
Ca...me...ra.

Too late. The chains **RIP** the limbs from her, and they violently fly to the walls around. Her torso crashes to the floor, with a loud thump.

(beat)

We show a wide shot of the room, pulling away to showcase the gruesome aftermath. Then-

We hear the sound of a door opening.

A hooded figure walks into frame, its silhouette now blocking our view.

The shadowy figure is wielding an ominous long stick.

BZZZZZZZT...

Bright neon lighting suddenly fills the room, we realize the figure is donning Jigsaw's black and red robe, and wielding... a mop.

The hood comes off, revealing we're looking at AMANDA.

She drops the mop into a soap and water bucket she placed on the floor, and begins dutifully and unglamorously cleaning the grisly scene.

We get a cleaning montage!

With every strike of the mop, we reveal the opening credits under the grotesque grime.

Soon after, Amanda's work is interrupted by a coughing fit, coming from the adjacent room.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

A surprisingly livable and cozy room, like it's halfway between a cottage home's modest living room and a survival bunker. Warm lighting gives the area's sparse but functional decor a soft glow. There's a bed, a fully stocked bookshelf, a stove and sink, canned foods... medical supplies, an oxygen tank, and I.V equipment...

Here sitting in a lavish chair, warming up next to a window-embedded fireplace, we find JIGSAW. He's in rough shape. His face is littered with barely-healed bruises and cuts, and his left index finger is wrapped in a crude bandage. Some may recognize his injuries from the end of ***SAW II***.

Amanda walks into the room and rushes to his side.

AMANDA
Are you okay? I heard you coughing from...

She gestures towards the large window John is sitting by, where the fireplace is embedded.

We see the half-cleaned room from earlier through it, and understand this is the large tinted window from the previous scene -- John's been watching the action from up-close.

He grabs Amanda's hand and puts his other hand over it, as to reassure her.

JOHN
I'm fine. I'm ok.

Amanda moves away to grab a glass of water from the sink, she sets down the Jigsaw robe onto the nearby wheelchair on her way.

Glass of water in hand, she uses a bit of it to water a small plant near the room entrance, then hands the glass to John.

AMANDA
(angry)
You could have helped him.

We pan to reveal HOFFMAN sitting in the opposite corner of the room. He doesn't respond, but points to the headphones he's wearing. He's fully absorbed in whatever he's watching on his laptop.

Amanda hands John the glass of water.

JOHN
Thank you.

John takes a timid sip from the straw, and winces.

AMANDA
You don't seem to be getting better. What can I do?

JOHN
Amanda, when you're in my condition... there's no getting better.

John weakly attempts to open a pill bottle he had in his lap, but fails. He hands it to Amanda, who opens it for him as they continue talking.

AMANDA
Don't say that. You still have some good days.
(beat)
And we can make sure the time you have left-

JOHN
(cutting her off)
We have more work to do. And not much time left.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
You know how important finishing *this* game is to me.

John swallows a pill with water, grimacing. It's clear he's in pain.

AMANDA
I want you to think about your recovery. I'm telling you I can handle this one, I want to show you what I'm capable of.

JOHN
You've shown me, Amanda. I know how you handle things. But this one is for us both -- we started it together, and we'll end it together. It could well be my very last game.

Amanda visibly recoils at the words, and turns away from him, a tear rolling down her cheek.

John pauses, and stands up with great difficulty. He moves to his wheelchair, to face her.

He's winded from the effort, and pulls the respirator from the oxygen tank to his face to take a breath.

He puts his hand on her chin to lift her face. Amanda's eyes are glistening with tears.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Our time together, however short... it means the world, Amanda. You mean ***everything*** to me. And I'm still here. I want to do this with you. Don't mourn me earlier than you have to.

Amanda moves in to hug him tightly, but John struggles to return the embrace.

The moment gets interrupted.

HOFFMAN
I don't mean to ruin your little pity party, but you both have to watch this.

He sets the laptop in front of them and unplugs the headphones cord.

The screen shows what looks like a conspiratorial blog, prominently featuring a sleazy looking guy with a smug expression. The top banner reads:

KENNYEDWARDS.COM -- UNLOCK THE TRUTH THEY HIDE FROM YOU

Underneath, a paused video player showing KENNY, a portly, late-thirties balding man with a small thinning patch of hair hanging on for dear life. His goatee stands in sharp contrast with his head.

He's sitting on what appears to be a very cheap radio show set, but wearing an expensive looking suit.

AMANDA
(mockingly)
What? You've been reading up on our next test subject and think birds aren't real, now?
He got to you before we even got a hold of him?!

HOFFMAN
Shut up and play the video-

Amanda keeps talking over him, and cutting off his attempts to interject.

AMANDA
(mockingly)
I thought cops didn't fall for that kinda shit.

HOFFMAN
Are you done?

AMANDA
(mockingly)
Calls himself a detective but can't even fucking see these braindead scams for what they are? I'm disappointed in you!

Hoffman loses his patience, and pounces on the laptop to press play.

HOFFMAN
Watch.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. KENNY EDWARDS SHOW SET - DAY

KENNY
We're joined today by someone who the authorities have spent years saying is a dangerous scammer, someone who should be avoided at all costs. All this despite her proven track record of important medical breakthroughs.
(beat)
Yet today, she's here to tell us about the one time *they* needed something from her.
Dear audience, today's guest is none other than Dr. Cecilia Pederson!

We cut over to Cecilia, who's comfortably sitting opposite Kenny and smiling widely.

She looks considerably cleaned-up from the last time we saw her. She appears to have received skin transplants on her arms and neck. Her hair is also significantly shorter, revealing more of the scars on her neck.

It's almost like she wants to display them as a badge of honor.

CECILIA
Thanks for having me, Kenny.

He leans forward, shuffling the papers in his hands.

WE BRIEFLY TRANSITION OUT OF THE SCENE, BACK WITH JOHN AND AMANDA TO SHOW THEIR REACTION.

John and Amanda are watching intently, neither looking happy to see Cecilia again.

Amanda is biting her knuckles, like she's holding back her rage from seeing Cecilia again. But John is more serene, almost appearing unsurprised to see her in this setting.

KENNY (V.O)
(from the laptop)
So to catch up those of you who have been living under a rock, Dr. Pederson is the daughter of Finn Pederson, a world renown doctor who found a cure for cancer, and dedicated his life to getting his treatment out to people, all despite governments and big pharma's best efforts to stop him.
(beat)

WE MOVE BACK TO THE SHOW

KENNY (CONT'D)
Of course, being a doctor herself, she's following in her father's footsteps, but Interpol and the FBI won't have it! They spent years investigating her and trying to arrest her. And when Mexican authorities caught up to her, they briefly did! Am I correct so far, Doctor?

CECILIA
(jokingly)
You are. I was a very popular woman!

KENNY
(laughing)
That's right! So if they did finally catch you with so-called evidence of your crimes, how the hell is it that you're sitting in front of me here today?

CECILIA
Well you see, Kenny, life threw another obstacle at me. But I'm a resilient woman.
(beat)
While caring for patients in Mexico, I ran into John Kramer. The Jigsaw Killer. And despite his best efforts to murder me in cold blood, I survived.

VINCE 360 JIGSAW

KENNY
You're an incredible woman. That must have been quite hard to go through, I'm sorry that happened to you.

Kenny shuffles his papers some more.

If I'm correct, after those events, the Mexican police arrested you on Interpol's behalf, with no regard for what you'd just gone through?

CECILIA
(laughing)
Turns out they didn't care too deeply about my well-being.

KENNY
But it didn't take long for them to realize you had crucial information on a serial killer they'd been desperately looking for in this country.

CECILIA
That's right, Kenny. That's why I'm a free woman today, and why I'm here in this wonderful country.

KENNY
Amazing. They're proving incapable of catching him...

CECILIA
(interjecting)
Your tax dollars at work!

KENNY (CONT'D)
Right! But at least as of last week, his identity is public! Everything about the guy is out there now. What other information could you possibly have that the FBI needed so badly?

CECILIA
Well, while the deal I struck with the FBI prevents me from revealing anything more...

KENNY
Which, by the way, is baffling!

CECILIA (CONT'D)
...I can reveal to you that John Kramer isn't working alone. He has an accomplice.

Cecilia turns her gaze to the camera.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
And the FBI now knows exactly who that is, thanks to me.

WE TRANSITION BACK TO THE RECOVERY ROOM

Amanda has a sudden look of genuine fear in her eyes.

KENNY
(from laptop)
Fascinating. From dangerous international criminal, to national hero! The people can't thank you enough for your service to this country.

Hoffman suddenly shuts the laptop screen.

HOFFMAN
They know about you.

Amanda is pacing around the room.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
She needs another test.

AMANDA
Nobody wants to see this bitch die more than I do.
(beat)
But she passed her test.

Amanda looks over to John, like she's looking for approval.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
She could be bluffing, trying to smoke me out of hiding.

HOFFMAN
Well she told them *something*, or she'd be behind bars. And still in Mexico.

VIRGIN BY SAW

AMANDA
(agitated)
You're "FBI".

Amanda mockingly emphasizes the acronym with air quotes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Can't you find out what they know?

HOFFMAN
I'm a detective. I work for police, not the FBI. And they haven't told us anything yet. Keeping their cards close to their chest since your stunt with Eric Matthews.
(beat)

AMANDA
(increasingly panicked)
Why the fuck do we keep you around again?

HOFFMAN
(angry)
I was gonna ask you the same thing. Mind telling me why the fuck you let her live after she saw your face?

AMANDA
We have rules. I'm not a killer like you are.

Hoffman steps close to her and violently grabs her hand.

HOFFMAN
Tell that to the guy whose guts you cut out of his chest with this hand.

AMANDA
(yelling)
FUCK YOU!

She pulls her arm out of his grasp and rubs it. We briefly catch a glimpse of scars on her wrists before she covers them back up with her sleeve.

Hoffman notices.

VINCSO REVISION

WE CUT TO A CLOSE UP OF JOHN'S FACE, WEARING AN UNSTEADY, DEAD-EYED EXPRESSION. HE LOOKS LIKE A POWDER KEG, READY BLOW UP AT ANY MOMENT.

HOFFMAN
(off-screen, muted)
Fuck me? I'm the guy who took the massive risk even coming here to tell you. You're wanted fugitives.

STILL HOLDING ON JOHN'S FACE.

AMANDA
(off-screen, increasingly muted)
Spare me the bullshit. The only reason you came here is because you worry about your own ass.

HOFFMAN
(off-screen, almost entirely muted)
If you were even remotely aware of how serious-

John has had enough, he violently leaps up from his wheelchair and **yells**.

JOHN
(yelling)
ENOUGH!

Both Amanda and Hoffman immediately go silent.

But the outburst is too much for John's weakened self. He wobbles, then **faints**, violently hitting his head against the floor.

Lights out.

INSERT TITLE CARD:

SAW XI

More to come on r/Saw, October 24th, 2025 at 9 PM PT.

VINC30
R/SAW